<u>THE LOSERS</u>

Issue One

by

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Fifth Draft

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PAGE 1

1) Big pic, day. A US Army 'Humvee' jeep zooms dramatically towards us across the New Mexico desert, the wheels just leaving the ground as it tops a slight rise at high speed. It's painted desert brown.

CAPTION
WHITE SANDS MISSILE RANGE, NEW MEXICO.

HUMVEE JAG
BASE ONE, THIS IS CAVALIER 415. SECTOR EIGHT PERIMETER CLEAR, PROCEEDING TO SECTOR NINE.

2) Inset. Very close on the screen of a state-of-the-art laptop computer with a digital radio transceiver and various other high-tech add-ons duct-taped to the side. Jensen's fingers tap away frantically at the keyboard as information scrolls down the screen:

> MIL-SPEC VHF DIGITAL PACKET ENCRYPTION
> INTERCEPT OK
> DECRYPT ALGORITHM START
> PROCESSING...
> DECRYPT OK
> REROUTE PATCH

JENSEN
(off-panel)
OKAY, WE'RE INTO THEIR V.H.F. ENCRYPTION. FROM NOW ON, THEY'RE TALKIN' TO US.

VOICE
(off-panel)
REEL 'EM IN.

3) Inset. Close on JENSEN speaking into a cordless earpiece/mike. He touches one finger to the earpiece to hear better. We're somewhere dark - the only illumination comes from the computer screen.

JENSEN
UH, ROGER THAT, CAVALIER 415.
(link)
WE HAVE A REPORT OF A CIVILIAN VEHICLE BREAKDOWN ON U.S. 70, SECTOR NINE, GRID FOUR.

PLEASE RECONNOITER AND ASSIST AS
REQUIRED, OVER.

RADIO JAG
ROGER THAT, BASE ONE. WILL ADVISE, OUT.

4) Wide panel. A Soldier gets out of the Humvee, which has pulled up in foreground panel left. His uniform is brown desert colors. Some way ahead of it in background panel right is a wide-bodied, box-sided 18-wheeler truck. It has pulled onto the dirt beside a long, straight highway. The driver, ROQUE, kneels on the ground nearby, handling a spare wheel. He wears workman's overalls.

SOLDIER 1
(small text)
... ARMY OF ONE, MY ASS. MORE LIKE A GODDAMN BREAKDOWN SERVICE...
(link)
HEY THERE! GIVE YOU A HAND THERE, BUDDY?

ROQUE
NO PROBLEM. JUST CHANGING OUT THE TIRE.

PAGE 2

1) COUGAR lies in a shallow ditch in the sun-baked desert dirt, firing a silenced pneumatic rifle straight at us. He's hidden under a dust-covered camouflage net, rendering him almost invisible, lurking like a trapdoor spider. The tranq dart flies towards us in deep perspective.

F.X.
PFAM!

2) Cougar's POV: the Soldier is sighted in the crosshairs of Cougar's hi-tech sniper scope. He slaps a hand to his neck, a feather-tailed hypodermic dart protruding between his fingers.

SOLDIER 1
AAH!

3) The Soldier stares at the hypodermic dart in his hand with a look of woozy surprise. The tranquilizer drug is already taking effect. A second soldier is getting out of the driver's side door of the Humvee, a look of alarm just crossing his face --

SOLDIER 1
SOMETHIN' JUST **BIT** ME! FUCKIN' **BEE**,
OR--
(link; small text)
WHAT... ?

SOLDIER 2
SHIT! LOOK OUT, THAT'S SOME KINDA--

4) EXTREME close-up on Cougar as he aims and FIRES again--

FX
PFAM!

5) Soldier 2 flinches as a tranq dart slaps into his neck in the foreground. Soldier 1 collapses unconscious behind him.

SOLDIER 2
AAOW **FUCK!**

SOLDIER 1
(small text)
UHH--

PAGE 3

1) Soldier 2 slumps against the side of the Humvee as the two remaining soldiers leap out of the rear of the Humvee, weapons ready --

SOLDIER 2
(small text)
NOT BEES

SOLDIER 3
MOVE! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK - SHOT CAME OUT OF THE DESERT - !

SOLDIER 4
WHERE? I DON'T SEE A--

2) Big. Toppling sideways from one knee, Roque fires two pneumatic pistols towards us, John Woo style. The feather-tailed tranq darts fly towards us in deep perspective. He was hiding the guns behind the spare wheel, which is now falling over.

FX
PFAM! PFAM!

3) Both Soldiers drop their weapons as darts slap painfully into each of their backs simultaneously.

SOLDIER
UNHH - !

4) Small inset. Grim, Roque touches the middle finger of his right hand to a hidden radio earpiece.

ROQUE
GO.

5) Big, wide reveal. Low angle from behind the truck as the sides fall away, revealing JENSEN, CLAY and POOCH inside. A sign on the back fender reads WIDE LOAD.

CLAY
COUGAR, ROQUE - GOOD WORK.

PAGE 4

1) Move in on the back of the truck, where Jensen sits at a small desk on a folding field chair. Clay stands over him, checking his watch with one hand, touching his middle finger to his hidden earpiece with the other. He's all business. They all wear workman's overalls.

CLAY
POOCH - SECURE THE PATROL, CHECK FOR VITALS.
(link)
JENSEN - MAKE THE CALL.

JENSEN
ALREADY PATCHED IN.

2) Move in on Jensen, yelling urgently into his cordless earpiece/mike.

JENSEN
BASE ONE, BASE ONE, THIS IS CAVALIER 415! WE HAVE BEEN IN COLLISION WITH CIVILIAN VEHICLE - FUCKIN' TRUCK FLIPPED US RIGHT OFF THE ROAD!
(link)
CHAMBERLAIN'S DEAD AN' SIMPSON'S HURT BAD! HE'S FUCKED UP HIS NECK, HE CAN'T FUCKIN' MOVE!
(link)
WE NEED MEDEVAC - IMMEDIATE! I MEAN LIKE RIGHT NOW!

3) Jensen turns to us with a grin and makes an A-OK sign with thumb and forefinger, perhaps closing his other hand around the earpiece mike to muffle it.

RADIO JAG
ROGER THAT, CAVALIER 415! HANG TIGHT, WE'RE SCRAMBLING A CHOPPER, STAND BY--

JENSEN
(small text)
ROBERT DE NIRO? WHO THE FUCK IS HE?

4) The unconscious soldiers have been rolled into the 'recovery position' - each lies on his front, face turned to the side, mouth open, one leg crooked at a 90-degree angle. Pooch presses two fingers to the neck of one of the unconscious soldiers, checking his pulse.

Cougar kneels nearby, checking his victims are okay, rifle butt resting on his hip. Roque jabs a thumb at the humvee in the background.

POOCH
SLEEPIN' LIKE BABIES. NEAR ENOUGH THE BORDER, MAY AS WELL CALL IT A SIESTA...

ROQUE
WHAT ABOUT THE HUMVEE?

5) In the extreme foreground, Clay pulls open his workman's overalls, Superman-style, to reveal an Army uniform underneath. Identical desert colors to the patrol soldiers' uniforms.

CLAY
FLIP IT.

PAGE 5

1) Big. High, wide aerial shot looking down on the 'crash scene'. On panel left, the flatbed truck sits beside the highway (the unconscious soldiers are actually concealed under a tarpaulin on the back). The humvee lies upside-down by the side of the road, steam rising from the radiator grille. Clay, Cougar and Pooch stands over Jensen and Roque, who lie sprawled on their backs, staring up at the sky. All of them are now wearing desert camouflage Army uniforms.

Note: We aren't close enough to see yet, but Roque's name-patch says CHAMBERLAIN and Jensen's says SIMPSON.

RADIO JAG
... CAVALIER 415, THIS IS MEDEVAC DELTA. BE ADVISED WE ARE AIRBORNE AND INBOUND YOUR POSITION.

JENSEN
MAN, I HATE WAITING.
(link)
AWFUL LOT OF TROUBLE, JUST TO BUM A RIDE...

CLAY
BE COOL, JENSEN.

2) Close on Jensen. Room for lots of dialogue.

JENSEN
I AM **WHOLLY** COOL. THAT'S WHY I'M THE ONE WITH THE SPINAL INJURY, AIN'T IT?
(link)
THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED FOR THIS KINDA DEAL, SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO RELAX, TALK TO PEOPLE. NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU GUYS DON'T EXACTLY PUT PEOPLE AT THEIR **EASE.**

3) Roque turns his head to squint testily at Jensen.

ROQUE
SHUT UP. OR I BREAK YOUR NECK FOR REAL.

JENSEN
WHOA, HEY - WHO RATTLED YOUR CAN, ROQUE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, MAN...

4) High angle. Clay squints up towards us, serious. Below him, Jensen, looks up at him.

CLAY
WE'RE **ALL** SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE, ISN'T IT?

JENSEN
I GUESS, BUT... I DUNNO, TAKIN' DOWN OUR OWN GUYS, IT GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN. IT'S MAKIN' ME ANTSY, IS ALL.
(link)
I MEAN, WHAT IF WE'RE WRONG? THIS WARRIOR WOMAN OF YOURS COULD BE FEEDING US A LINE ABOUT THE COMPANY, NEW YORK, THE WHOLE DAMN THING --

5) Moody character shot of Clay, tough as nails. A hard, uncompromising, unforgiving man.

CLAY
OPEN YOUR EYES, KID. YOU WERE THERE. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID.
(link)
WE FOUND OUT THEIR DIRTY LITTLE SECRET, THE AGENCY TRIED TO **KILL** US FOR IT.

PAGE 6

1) Big. Low angle, Clay looking up at a Chinook CH-47 twin-rotor chopper as it descends towards us, kicking up plumes of desert sand. The chopper is Army green, emblazoned with the red cross in a white square on the nose and sides.

FX
WHUPPA WHUPPA

CLAY
THAT KIND OF SHIT I TAKE
PERSONALLY.

2) The Crewmen jump out of the chopper and hurry towards Clay, each carrying a lightweight field stretcher.

CREWMAN A
OKAY, TALK TO ME! NECK INJURY -
HAVE YOU TRIED TO MOVE HIM?

CLAY
NO!

CREWMAN A
THAT'S GOOD!

3) Crewman A kneels by Jensen, next to Clay. Crewman B runs towards them from the chopper behind. Jensen lies stiff, eyes wide with fear. Roque plays dead.

CREWMAN A
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, JUST RELAX.
WE'RE GONNA GET YOU ALL PATCHED UP
IN NO TIME.

JENSEN
(small text)
L-LISTEN, Y-YOU GOTTA... GOTTA TELL
ME SOMETHIN'...

4) Closer on Crewman A as he leans close over Jensen, shining a tiny medical torch into one of Jensen's eyes whilst holding his eyelid open with his thumb. Jensen now seems tense and terrified.

JENSEN
(small text)
YOU EVER... YOU EVER TREAT ANYONE
WHO'D BEEN... WHO'D BEEN GUT-SHOT,
TOOK ONE IN THE BELLY?

CREWMAN A
SURE, IN GRENADA. JESUS, WHAT A
MESS THAT WAS. BUT LISTEN, THAT'S--

5) Close. Crewman A suddenly reacts in surprise as Jensen sticks a silenced Uzi in his belly. Maybe a 'shattered' panel-border to suggest his shock?

JENSEN
THAT'S GOOD. MEANS YOU KNOW WHAT'S
COMING TO YOU IF YOU FUCK WITH US.
(link)
NOW LOSE THE RADIO MIKE, BONES.

PAGE 7

1) Two-shot of the Pilot and Co-Pilot in the chopper cockpit. The Co-Pilot turns at the sound of a voice from the main hold, behind him.

CO-PILOT
WE'RE BURNING VALUABLE SECONDS HERE, GUYS. WHAT'S THE HOLD UP OUT THERE... ?

VOICE
(from doorway behind)
RELAX, MAN. YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY TO MAINTAIN INNER CALM, Y'KNOW... ?

2) Cougar and Pooch swing smoothly around the cockpit door, each pointing a silenced Uzi point-blank at the flight crew's heads.

POOCH
STRESS IS A KILLER.

3) Close on the Pilot and Pooch, who grins broadly.

PILOT
W-WHAT THE HELL IS THIS - ?

POOCH
YOU HEARD OF A CARJACK, YEAH? WELL, YOU JUST BEEN **CHOPPERJACKED**, MY FRIEND.

4) Close inset. Pooch pulls a brick-sized electronic device - an IFF (Identify Friend or Foe) TRANSPONDER - from a floor panel in the chopper cockpit.

NO DIALOGUE

5) Strolling down the rear ramp of the chopper, Pooch tosses the IFF transponder to Jensen.

POOCH
YO JENSEN, HERE'S YOUR WILD GOOSE.

6) Roque turns to Clay.

JENSEN
UFF!

ROQUE
THE CREW?

CLAY
TRANQ 'EM. RECOVERY POSITION.
(link)
DON'T WANT 'EM CHOKING ON THEIR OWN VOMIT. WE GOT NO BEEF WITH THESE ASSHOLES.

PAGE 8

1) Jensen duct-tapes the transponder and a rectangular battery to the underside of a 5-foot long reusable rocket, the kind used by hobbyists, sitting on a launch rig. Clay checks his watch.

JENSEN
OKAY, WE'RE ALL SET HERE. READY TO TAKE A GIANT STEP FOR... WELL, FOR GUYS WHO **STEAL** STUFF, I GUESS.
(link)
ANYBODY WANNA MAKE A WISH?

2) Small inset. Just Clay, grim.

CLAY
HIT IT.

3) Big. Low angle, looking up past Jensen and Clay as the rocket arcs into the sky on a thin pillar of smoke and flame, a perfect parabola arcing over towards the distant horizon. Jensen is holding a thumb-trigger switch. Clay jabs a thumb over his shoulder.

FX
FFWOOOSHHHHHHHH

JENSEN
BEAUTIFUL. THEY CHASE THE I.F.F. TRANSPONDER SIGNAL OVER THE HORIZON, WE HIT THE ROAD IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.
(link)
LATERAL THINKING, MAN, LATERAL THINKING...

CLAY
SO YOU'RE A GENIUS. WHEN YOU'RE ALL DONE STROKING YOURSELF OFF, HELP SQUARE AWAY THE CHOPPER.

4) Later. The chopper is lashed down on the back of the flatbed truck with cargo straps, the rotor-blades folded back over the body. Pooch and Cougar pull a tarpaulin over it. Clay climbs into the cab, throwing off his army jacket.

RADIO JAG
(small text)
MEDEVAC DELTA, THIS IS BASE ONE. WHAT IS YOUR SITUATION, OVER?
(link)

MEDEVAC DELTA, COME IN PLEASE, OVER...

POOCH
WE'D BEST DOUBLE-TIME IT HERE. THEY SEND OUT A SEARCH PARTY, THIS WHOLE VALLEY TURNS INTO FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES.

CLAY
THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR A CHOPPER, NOT A FLATBED.
(link)
STILL, CLOCK'S TICKING. AISHA'S EN ROUTE, AND IT'S ALONG WAY TO NEW YORK...

5) Low angle. The truck thunders towards us, crashing through a ROAD CLOSED sign.

FROM TRUCK
LET'S ROLL.

PAGE 9

1) Small. Extreme close-up on one of the soldiers as he groggily awakens, squinting, face-down in the dust. This is a man with the world's worst hangover.

SOLDIER
(small text)
WHUH... ?

2) Pull back. The soldier raises his head, a look of alarm beginning to spread across his groggy features.

NO DIALOGUE

3) Big! Pull back to reveal the four soldiers plus the four members of the chopper crew all lie in a circle, each in the 'recovery position'. Each of their ankles has been handcuffed to that of the guy next to him. They aren't going anywhere. They look very, very small and isolated, surrounded by a thousand square miles of flat, barren desert.

SOLDIER
... WELL, SHIT.

PAGE 10

1) NIGHT. Wide establishing shot of a cargo ship unloading at a New York Port Authority dock. Huge cranes loom in the background, forklifts and cargo containers everywhere. A small group of Mafia types walk from their car up a wide cargo-ramp towards a big loading door on the side of the ship. The scene is illuminated by bright floodlights.

CAPTION
RED HOOK, NEW YORK.

VINNIE
YO, CAPTAIN BIRDSEYE! FEELS LIKE IT'S BIN LIKE FOREVER. SO YOU GOT SOMETHIN' FOR US?

2) Move in on the Captain. He has a swollen black eye, and grins nervously. He stands by the huge cargo doors, pressing a button on a bulky control box mounted on the end of a thick rubber hose. The doors rumble open behind him.

CAPTAIN
RIGHT HERE, MY FRIEND. FINEST IN THE MIDDLE EAST, ALL FRESH AND UNSPOILED...

3) Big. The cargo doors open to reveal dark, cavernous space. Dozens of young Middle Eastern women and girls cluster around, nervous, fearful, eager to disembark. They all wear traditional Muslim attire, burkas and headscarves. Vinnie and the Captain in the foreground to either side.

VINNIE
NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT.
(link)
YOU KNOW WHAT OUR BOYS CALL 'EM BACK IN THE GULF? **M.B.O.**S...

4) Inset. Close on Vinnie, smirking nastily. Little weasel.

VINNIE
MOVIN' BLACK OBJECTS.
(link)
HEH.

5) Widen. Vinnie stands in the wide cargo doorway, hands clasped together as he gives his little welcome speech.

VINNIE
OKAY LADIES, HERE'S HOW IT WORKS. SEEIN' AS HOW NONE OF YOU ARE CARRYIN' PASSPORTS OR VISAS, THAT'S GONNA INCUR WHAT WE CALL A **IMMIGRATION TAX** 'FORE WE CAN LET YOU OFF THE BOAT.
(link)
SO MAKE WITH THE GREEN, OR YOU CAN GO TELL IT TO THE **I.N.S.**

PAGE 11

1) AISHA steps forward, frowning. She is covered in a black head-to-toe burka and shawl, only her beautiful dark eyes showing through a narrow slit.

AISHA
THERE HAS BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING. WE WERE TOLD NOTHING OF THIS TAX.
(link)
MY SISTERS HAVE ALREADY GIVEN EVERY PENNY THEY OWN TO ESCAPE PERSECUTION FOR THE LAND OF THE FREE.

2) Vinnie shrugs, smiling nastily as he gazes into Aisha's eyes. He begins to lift the burka which hangs around her head and shoulders.

VINNIE
WELL, NOT **FREE** EXACTLY, BUT *UH*... **CHEAP**. I'M SURE WE CAN FIGURE A WAY FOR YOU LADIES TO **WORK** IT OFF, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... ?
(link)
SAY, YOU GOT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES I EVER SAW, YOU KNOW THAT? LET'S TAKE A LITTLE LOOK-SEE UNDER HERE...

3) Big reveal of Aisha's dangerously beautiful features as the burka is lifted from her face. Her make-up and hairstyle are strikingly modern, not at all what we might have expected. She nails us with a hard, flinty gaze. Aisha is not a woman with whom to fuck.

AISHA
I WAS BORN IN A DESERT PLACE. **WAR** WAS MY ONLY MOTHER.
(link)
AS A CHILD, I MOVED THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD AND SLIT THE THROATS OF SCREAMING RUSSIAN BOYS.
(link)
I FIREBOMBED MY FIRST TANK WHEN I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND MACHINE-GUNNED THE CREW AS THEY FLED, BURNING.
(link)
AND YET PERHAPS YOU EXPECT ME TO BE **AFRAID** OF YOU.

4) Close insert. Aisha has lifted a huge bowie knife from under her black shawl and pressed it up against Vinnie's crotch.

AISHA
(off-panel)
TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

5) Vinnie's face freezes in a comical mask of fear and surprise.

VINNIE
I THINK YOU HAVE A VERY PERSUASIVE NEGOTIATING STYLE.
(link)
BOYS, LET 'EM GO! I AIN'T KIDDIN' HERE!

PAGE 12

1) Out on the loading ramp, a big, fat mob guy - let's call him MIKEY - shrugs as he casually thumbs back the hammer of a snub-nosed .38 revolver. He doesn't see Aisha as any kind of a threat, and he really can't be bothered with her bullshit antics.

MIKEY
OKAY LADY, YOU'VE STRUCK A BLOW FOR WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION AND WE'RE ALL, LIKE, REALLY IMPRESSED.
(link)
NOW DROP THE SHIV OR I SWEAR TO GOD, ALLAH OR WHOEVER THE FUCK, I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS ALL OVER THE BOAT.

2) BIG. Aisha still holds the knife to Vinnie's balls. She's all business, focused. With the other hand she aims and fires an ultra-modern Glock 9mm handgun with a laser-spot sight slung under the barrel. It was hidden under her shawl. The weapon is massively foreshortened in the foreground, the muzzle flash blasting towards us--

FX
BDAM!

3) Small. Mikey wears a semi-vacant expression of mild surprise as he takes a slug right through the forehead. His brains blow out the back of his head.

MIKEY
(small text)
BUH

4) GERARDO and PAULO, two mob guys out on the dock, react in complete shock. The third guy here - let's call him SONNY - is closer. He's on the ball, aiming with a careful two-handed grip, cop-style--

GERARDO
JESUS **FUCK - !**

SONNY
VINNIE, SHIFT YOUR ASS! GET OUTTA THE WAY!

5) Aisha uses Vinnie as a human shield as she aims and fires. She's a machine, stone-cold, infinitely calm, focused on killing. She whispers to Vinnie, holding him close to her --

AISHA
(small text)
DO NOT MOVE.

FX
BDAM! BDAM! BDAM!

PAGE 13

1) Sonny is cut down by gunfire in the background. In the foreground, Gerardo hunkers down behind the car, cowering in the wheel arch for cover. He frantically waves to Paulo, who is clambering down onto his hands and knees, also taking cover --

FX
BDAM! BDAM!

SONNY
AAGH - !

GERARDO
DOWN! GET THE FUCK DOWN!
(link)
BEHIND THE WHEEL ARCH! BULLETS'LL GO STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BODYWORK, BUT YOU'RE OKAY BEHIND THE --

2) Small inset. Gerardo peers under the car, his eyes wide with shock. Massive in the extreme foreground, lying under the car, is a spherical fragmentation grenade, the pin already out...

GERARDO
... WHEEL.
(link; small text)
OH SH--

FX
KLINK KLATTER

3) Big! The car explodes spectacularly, bulging up on a cushion of flame, taking Gerardo and Paulo with it.

FX
BOOM!

PAGE 14

1) That's all the mob guys accounted for, except Vinnie. On the cargo ramp, Aisha presses the pistol up under his chin. Vinnie is petrified.

AISHA
I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. BUT FIRST, THESE WOMEN GO FREE. AND THEY WILL SUFFER NO REPRISALS.

VINNIE
Y-YOU GOT MY WORD! I S-SWEAR ON MY MOTHER'S... **B-BIBLE!**

2) Extreme close on Aisha, intense.

AISHA
THAT IS GOOD. BECAUSE IF I HEAR THAT ANY HARM HAS COME TO THEM...
(link)
I WILL BE BACK FOR YOUR TESTICLES.

3) Small. Low angle. Aisha shoves Vinnie off the ramp towards us --

NO DIALOGUE

4) Small. High angle. Vinnie splashes into the black water between the dockside and the ship.

NO DIALOGUE

5) Aisha turns to the Muslim women, who cluster around her. As she speaks, Aisha inserts a fresh clip into her Glock, the slide locked back.

AISHA
NOW GO IN PEACE, AND MAY ALLAH BE WITH YOU.
(link)
OH, AND BY THE WAY --

6) Big as possible, maybe full bleed/no background. Medium close on Aisha, a mondo cool 'hero shot' as she slaps the clip home with the palm of her hand. The slide snaps forward.

AISHA
WELCOME TO AMERICA.

PAGE 15

1) Exterior establishing shot - a dilapidated old warehouse on Governor's Island in New York Bay (refs). The roof of the warehouse has long since collapsed, leaving the four walls still standing.

CAPTION
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, UPPER NEW YORK BAY.

FROM WITHIN
WHAT DO YOU FIGURE FOR THE ELECTROMAGNET? SUBMARINE BATTERIES, MAYBE... ?

FROM WITHIN
LOUSY WEIGHT-TO-ENERGY RATIO, MAN. THERE'S A REASON AIRCRAFT AIN'T ELECTRIC, Y'KNOW?

2) Wide. Inside the roofless warehouse, where the Losers have made their base camp. Tarpaulin sheets cover makeshift sleeping and eating area in the far corner. Clay and Pooch are poring over a set of maps and blueprints on a cluttered workbench, deep in conversation. Cougar wears a filter mask in the extreme foreground to one side, spraying something off-panel with an industrial paint-gun. Jensen works at a laptop in the background, deep shadows behind him.

POOCH
NO, WHAT YOU WANT IS A GAS-TURBINE GENERATOR RUNNIN' A FORCE-FED RECTIFIER UNIT, HOOK IT UP TO THE FUEL TANK.
(link)
'BOUT THE MOST EFFICIENT DEVICE THERE IS FOR TURNIN' FUEL INTO NOISE, BUT IT'LL PUT OUT ENOUGH JUICE TO LIGHT UP THE VEGAS STRIP.

CLAY
I'LL GET JENSEN ON IT, SEE WHAT THE RUSSIANS CAN TURN UP.
(link)
WHAT ABOUT EXFILTRATION?

3) Close on the map of New York which they're examining. Pooch indicates an area around the Upper New York Bay, from Liberty Island in the north to the Verrazano Bridge in the south. Routes and attack zones are marked in red marker pen.

POOCH
(off-panel)
WE GOT AN AIR FORCE E.C.M. POD ON THE WAY THAT'LL SPOOK RADAR IN A TEN-MILE RADIUS. WE RUN LOW AND DARK IN THE CITY, WE'RE A GHOST.

CLAY
(off-panel)
WE STILL HAVE TO GET IN CLOSE. SMALL ARMS FIRE COULD BE A PROBLEM.
(link)
MOGADISHU ALL OVER AGAIN.

4) Small. Pooch and Clay look up at something off-panel.

POOCH
IT'S TAKEN CARE OF, WE LINED THE HULL WITH HALF-INCH STEEL PLATE.
(link)
AIN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A FINESSE JOB, BUT IT'S FIT FOR PURPOSE.

CLAY
YOU SURE IT CAN LIFT ALL THAT PLUS THE PAYLOAD?

5) Big. Reverse angle to reveal what they're looking at - the Chinook, now painted black, sits in the middle of the warehouse. Cougar peels off a stencil, revealing "N.Y.P.D." in large white letters on the side. Roque is working with a blowtorch off to one side.

POOCH
CLAY, THIS PUPPY COULD LIFT A **BANK.**

PAGE 16

1) Clay puts a comforting hand on Pooch's shoulder. Pooch rubs his eyes. He seems lost in thought. Jock, this is essentially a "talking heads" scene, so feel free to mess around with the angles and layout to keep it visually interesting. Leave room for lots of dialogue.

CLAY
OUTSTANDING.
(link)
OKAY, POOCH, GO HIT THE HAY. YOU LOOK BEAT.

POOCH
I'M COOL. I JUST...
(link)
I MISS MY GIRLS, Y'KNOW? FEELS LIKE A **LIFETIME** SINCE WE WENT AWOL. SINCE...

2) Close on Cougar, looking straight at us, his back to Pooch and Clay. His filter mask now hangs around his neck. He looks haunted, a deep and abiding sadness in his eyes. Whatever happened to them in the past, he saw the worst of it, and he's barely spoken since. He has ghosts he needs to lay to rest.

POOCH
SINCE THE **PASS.**

3) Pooch slumps down in a broken old armchair. He looks exhausted, drained. Clay looks down at him.

POOCH
IT'S LIKE... SURE, WE ALWAYS PLAYED THE GAME LIKE WE HAD NOTHIN' TO LOSE - BUT IT FEELS LIKE WE LOST **EVERYTHIN'.**
(link)
WE WERE **SOLDIERS**, MAN. WE WERE A **PART** OF SOMETHIN'. BUT NOW...

4) Move in on Pooch, now looking up at Clay.

CLAY
WE DIDN'T LOSE THAT. HE **TOOK** IT FROM US.
(link)
YOU WANT YOUR LIFE BACK, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO **STEAL** IT.

POOCH
"HE"? YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT--

5) Low angle on Clay, closer. Give this image some real weight.

CLAY
MAX.
(link)
ONCE WE CAN **PROVE** WHAT THAT LITTLE FUCKER'S UP TO, WE'VE GOT THE AGENCY BY THE **BALLS.** THEY SO MUCH AS THROW US A **DIRTY LOOK**, WE **BURN 'EM TO THE GROUND.**

PAGE 17

1) Clay turns to Roque as he switches off his blowtorch. One in foreground, one in background.

ROQUE
YOU MAKE IT SOUND EASY.

CLAY
IT WON'T BE.
(link)
THE TRUCK IS THE KEY. IF AISHA'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT, SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT THE REST OF IT.

2) Closer on Roque as he pulls off his tinted goggles.

ROQUE
MAYBE. I'M STILL NOT HAPPY ABOUT THE IDEA OF AN OUTSIDER JOINING THE UNIT, ESPECIALLY A WOMAN.
(link)
WHY SHOULD WE TRUST HER? SHE'S WITH THE AGENCY, AND THEY'VE ALREADY TRIED TO KILL US ONCE.

3) Closer on Clay.

CLAY
FAR AS THEY KNOW, THEY **SUCCEEDED.** THEY DON'T KNOW WE WEREN'T ON THE CHOPPER WHEN IT BLEW.
(link)
LONG AS WE'RE DEAD, WE HAVE THE EDGE.

4) Clay in the foreground turns to Jensen, who looks up from his laptop in the background.

JENSEN
THE GUYS MAYBE HAVE A POINT. IT MIGHT BE SMARTER TO JUST, LIKE, STAY UNDER THE RADAR ON THIS ONE.
(link)
LIKE NO HARM, NO FOUL, Y'KNOW?

CLAY
THAT HOW YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE? ALWAYS LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER? HIDING IN THE SHADOWS LIKE A RAT?

5) Close on Jensen, unsure of himself.

JENSEN
WELL, NO, BUT... WHEN I THINK HOW FAR THIS THING COULD GO, HOW BIG IT COULD GET, I GOTTA ADMIT, THE WHOLE PROPOSITION GIVES ME THE **SQUIRRELLY SHITS.**
(link)
THE AGENCY FIGURES WE'RE K.I.A., THAT SUITS ME JUST FINE. WE SHOW UP ALIVE AN' KICKIN', START WAVIN' OUR DICKS AROUND IN PUBLIC, THEY'RE GONNA MAKE IT THEIR BUSINESS TO **BURY** US.
(link)
THEY'LL CALL US TERRORISTS, ALL KINDSA SHIT. WE'LL BE **OUTLAWS.**

6) Reverse angle - view over Jensen's shoulder looking over at Clay.

CLAY
WE ALWAYS WERE.
(link)
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT **BLACK OPS**, REMEMBER?

PAGE 18

1) Pooch leans forward, serious, contemplative, his fingers steepled.

POOCH
MAYBE SO. BUT STILL, IT'S A HELL OF A THING YOU'RE PROPOSIN'. WE START DOWN THAT ROAD, THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO TURNIN' BACK.
(link)
HELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT OUT LOUD. WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT **DECLARIN' WAR** ON THE **CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.**

2) Small. Extreme close-up on Clay, a look as cold and hard as flint in his eye.

CLAY
THEY STARTED IT.

3) Widen. Clay in the background jabs a thumb towards Cougar, who sits in extreme foreground by the chopper, quietly listening. Cougar is shrouded in shadow, his face unreadable.

CLAY
ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE LAW. IT'S ABOUT WHAT'S **RIGHT.** ASK COUGAR WHAT HE SAW BACK AT THE PASS, AND THEN TELL ME THOSE SONS OF BITCHES HAVEN'T BETRAYED THE TRUST OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
(link)
WHO DO YOU THINK’S GOING TO BRING THEM TO ACCOUNT? THE FUCKING **D.E.A.**?

4) Small. Close on Roque.

ROQUE
BULLSHIT.
(link)
YOU'RE JUST PISSED OFF AND LOOKING FOR A LITTLE **PAYBACK**, SAME AS THE REST OF US.

5) AISHA suddenly appears out of the deep shadow behind Jensen, who nearly leaps off his chair with shock.

AISHA
SO IS THAT ALL YOUR MORAL CRUSADE
ADDS UP TO IN THE END - **PETTY
REVENGE?**

JENSEN
YAAH - !
(link)
JESUS, LADY! TEN OUTTA TEN FOR
STEALTH AN' SHIT, BUT NEXT TIME
COULDN'T YA JUST **KNOCK**?

6) Extreme close on Clay.

CLAY
AISHA.
(link)
WELCOME TO THE **LOSERS.**

PAGE 19

1) NIGHT. Wide establishing shot. We're down on the runway at JFK airport, where a forklift removes a shipment of metal crates from the cargo hold of an unmarked Learjet. In the foreground, FENNEL - suit, glasses, early 40s, a mid-echelon CIA bureaucrat - is speaking to a black-clad SWAT Captain - a grizzled-looking guy with a moustache.

CAPTION
KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NEW YORK.

FENNEL
THIS IS A **DIPLOMATIC** PACKAGE, CLEAR?
(link)
AS OF THIS MOMENT, THE TRUCK IS DESIGNATED AN EXTRATERRITORIAL ZONE OF IMMUNITY.

2) The two men walk alongside as the forklift pulls away from the plane with the crates.

FENNEL
UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES **WHATSOEVER** ARE YOU OR YOUR MEN TO ALLOW THE PACKAGE TO LEAVE THE TRUCK BEFORE IT IS SECURE IN THE COMPOUND. TO DO SO WOULD BE CONSIDERED AN ACT OF **TREASON**, AND PUNISHABLE AS SUCH.
(link)
DO YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR ORDERS AS I HAVE EXPLAINED THEM TO YOU, CAPTAIN?

SWAT CAPTAIN
HUA!

3) Close on the SWAT Captain.

SWAT CAPTAIN
UH, THAT IS - HEARD, UNDERSTOOD AND ACKNOWLEDGED, SIR.

4) Fennel shoots him a dirty look.

NO DIALOGUE

5) The forklift moves the crates towards the open back doors of an armored security truck.

On the side of the truck is the Goliath company logo - a big square G with a planet Earth inside it. The two men observe from the background.

SWAT CAPTAIN
DON'T WORRY, SIR. WE'VE GOT A SIX MAN UNIT RIDING WITH THE PACKAGE AND ANOTHER UNIT FOLLOWING BEHIND.
(link)
NOBODY WOULD EVER DREAM OF TRYING TO HIT US.

6) New angle, revealing for the first time a unit of twelve black-clad SWAT troopers. They look hard as nails and meaner than hell. They wear body armor and helmets and carry Heckler & Koch MP5s at the ready. A second truck waits behind them.

SWAT CAPTAIN
(off-panel)
NOBODY WOULD BE **CRAZY** ENOUGH.

PAGE 20

1) Later, night. A convoy consisting of a black limousine followed by the two security trucks crawls towards us through log-jammed westbound traffic on Belt Parkway. Trees on our left, the buildings of Staten Island across the bay to the right. A wild, hairy, stinking, homeless bum staggers towards the truck from the bushes beside the road. Picture Alan Moore on crack.

TRUCK JAG
TRAFFIC'S BACKED UP ON BELT PARKWAY. WE ARE CURRENTLY RUNNING FIFTEEN, THAT'S ONE-FIVE, MINUTES BEHIND SCHEDULE.

BUM
GERMS!
(link)
YA GOT **GERMS** AN' **DISEASES** ONNA WINDSHIELD! LEMME HELP YA!

2) View from inside the middle truck's cab. The bum sloshes a dirty rag over the windshield. He looks crazy as a shithouse rat. The driver yells at him and jabs an angry thumb at the horizon.

DRIVER
TAKE A HIKE, ASSHOLE!

BUM
JUST TWENNY DOLLARS! **REAL** CLEAN - !

3) The bum waves his wash-cloth in the air enthusiastically as the truck pulls away. Out of view of the driver, his left hand touches the side of the truck.

DRIVER
GET A JOB, YA **LOSER!**

4) Small inset. Extreme close-up on the bum's left hand. He has affixed a device the size of a large coin to the side of the truck.

NO DIALOGUE

5) The bum pulls his wig off, revealing himself to be JENSEN in heavy disguise. He touches the middle finger of one hand to a hidden earpiece.

JENSEN
(small text)
I THINK THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL **CARING CONSERVATISM.** NICE TO SEE OUR TAX DOLLARS BEING PUT TO GOOD USE.
(link)
THAT IS, Y'KNOW, IF WE PAID TAXES...
(link)
WHATEVER.

6) Angle over Jensen's shoulder as he looks down at a Palm Pilot handheld computer. The tiny screen shows a GPS map of New York, although we're not close enough to make out any detail.

JENSEN
(small text)
GOOD CLEAN SIGNAL FROM THE G.P.S. - TARGET'S WESTBOUND, HEADIN' FOR THE BRIDGE.

PAGE 21

1) BIG. Tall panel taking up the whole left side of the page, view from over COUGAR's shoulder. He hangs high above the Verrazano Bridge, dangling from a workman's harness, his feet resting against two vertical steel cables. He is aiming a silenced Sig-Sauer SG-550 sniper rifle with a huge, bulky 'starlight' night-vision scope. A Palm Pilot is taped to his thigh, so he can see the GPS map whilst leaving his hands free. From up here we can see the lights of the traffic moving along the entire length of the bridge, two hundred feet below.

RADIO JAG
THEY'RE ALL YOURS, COUGAR. TAG 'EM AN' BAG 'EM.

2) Cougar's POV. The security convoy truck towards us through the crosshairs, everything sparkling ghostly green through the hi-tech night-vision scope.

NO DIALOGUE

3) Extreme close on Cougar as he FIRES towards us.

FX
PTOO!

4) Close on the truck's front tire as it blows out--

FX
PAMFFFF

5) The truck screeches and swerves crashes into the back of the limousine.

TRUCK DRIVER
SHIT --
(link)
BLOWOUT!

FX
SKREEEEEEE **KRANGG!**

PAGE 22

1) Fennel is getting out of the limousine, pulling a gun, pointing and yelling orders. SWAT troopers swarm out of the rear truck, surrounding the stricken middle truck. Weapons ready, alert and ready for action. Irate drivers get out of their vehicles, waving their arms.

FENNEL
REAR UNIT - FORM A DEFENSIVE PERIMETER! THIS COULD BE A HIT!

SWAT GUY
THEY'D HAVE TO BE OUT OF THEIR MINDS, THERE'S NO WAY OFF THE BRIDGE...

FX
HONNK HONNK PAAAARP

2) Medium close. Hidden from view on a painter's scaffold over the side of the bridge, ROQUE looks up over his shoulder as he loads a canister into a tear-gas launcher. He looks serious, grim.

NO DIALOGUE

3) Roque swings his arm up over the railing and fires a tear gar canister straight towards us --

FX
FTOOM!

4) BIG. Tear gas billows around the SWAT troops, who are choking and crying. Some of them scramble to pull on gas masks. Fennel hides his mouth in the crook of his arm, yelling orders. It's total chaos.

FENNEL
TEAR GAS - !
(link)
GET YOUR MASKS ON! SECURE THE PACKAGE!

5) In the security truck, the driver frantically yells into a microphone on a curly cord. The Guard riding shotgun looks freaked. Tear gas billows in around the truck.

DRIVER
CODE RED! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!
(link)

WE NEED **CHOPPER SUPPORT** ON THE VERRAZANO BRIDGE - **NOW!**

RADIO JAG

KRRZZZAY AGAIN, DID NOT COPY***ZZZZZKK***

DRIVER

(below)

JAMMING US - **!**

PAGE 23

1) High angle on Fennel, his eyes red raw and streaming, as he points up at us with an expression of horror --

FENNEL
(small text)
OH MY GOD --
(link)
SWAT TEAM - OPEN FIRE!

2) BIG. The stolen Chinook bellies in low over the scene, the rotor-wash blowing the tear-gas aside. A disk-shaped electromagnet dangles from a tow-cable beneath it. Fennel points up at it, but the SWAT troops don't know how to react --

SWAT GUY
BUT SIR, THEY'RE **N.Y.P.D.** --

FENNEL
OF COURSE THEY'RE NOT, YOU MORON!
(link)
SHOOT, GODDAMMIT!

FX
WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA

3) Small. Close-up. The magnet clamps onto the roof of the truck.

FX
KLANGG!

4) Fennel is knocked aside by the security truck as it is yanked up into the air, sending his glasses flying. He fires wildly into the air --

FENNEL
UHFF - !

FX
BDAM! BDAM! BDAM! BDAM!

PAGES 24-25

1) DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD. The Chinook sweeps dramatically towards us past the Statue Of Liberty, with the security truck dangling from the tow-cable beneath it. Spread out below them is the spectacular vista of New York at night.

CHOPPER JAG
FIRE UP THE BARBECUE, BOYS...

FX
WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA WHUPPA

2) Small inset in the bottom right-hand corner of the spread. Close on POOCH, wearing a pilot's headset/mike, at the controls of the chopper. He looks pleased with himself.

POOCH
THE FISH IS ON THE HOOK.

PAGE 26

1) The dangling truck.

NO DIALOGUE

2) The poor SWAT team is thrown around inside the back of the truck, a flailing mess of black-clad arms, legs and automatic weapons.

SWAT GUY 1
AAH! SHIT - !
(link)
I THINK WE'RE... I THINK WE'RE
AIRBORNE!

SWAT GUY 2
OH GOD... TH-THEY'RE GONNA **DROP** US -
!

3) Small inset, low angle. Pooch, at the controls of the Chinook, peers down out of the canopy window, checking out the landing zone below.

RADIO JAG
NICE CATCH, POOCH.

POOCH JAG
NO SWEAT, BOSS. AIN'T A RIG BEEN
BUILT I AIN'T THE MASTER OF...

4) Big. Low angle, looking up at the night sky as the truck comes down towards us in the middle of the warehouse, which is lit by portable flood-lamps. The Chinook thunders overhead.

CLAY
JUST WATCH WE'RE YOU PLANT THAT
THING. ONCE FALSE MOVE AND I'M
GONNA BE **WEARING** IT.

5) Inside the back of the truck, the SWAT guys shoulder their weapons, ready to rock and roll. Three of them kneel in front, three of them stand behind, all facing the doors, ready to perforate anyone who tries to open them.

SWAT CAPTAIN
WE'RE **DOWN!**
(link)
OKAY NOW, STAY SHARP! DEPLOY THE
MOMENT THEY TRY FOR THE DOORS.
(link)

REMEMBER, CHECK YOUR TARGETS AND
WATCH YOUR BACKGROUND. THREE ROUND
BURSTS, CENTER MASS.

6) Very close on the SWAT Captain - grim, aiming along his HK MP5, ready for action.

SWAT CAPTAIN
THESE ASSHOLES ARE ABOUT TO GET THE
SURPRISE OF THEIR SHORT FUCKIN'
LIVES...

PAGE 27

1) Aisha kneels on the roof of the truck, firing a bolt-gun down into the roof. Remember the electromagnet is still there.

FX
BAM!

2) Small inset. She inserts the nozzle of a rubber hose into the indented hole. The nozzle is tipped with a small sprinkler device.

AISHA
(off-panel)
THE HOSE IS IN. OPEN THE VALVE.

3) Inside the truck, the SWAT guys are completely soaked as the sprinkler sprays gallons of clear liquid into the cramped space, like an emergency fire-sprinkler...

SWAT CAPTAIN
GAAH! HELL THEY TRYIN' TO DO, **DROWN** US... ?

SWAT GUY
W-WAIT A SECOND, SIR, THAT **SMELL!** IT'S --

4) Close-up on the SWAT guy, his eyes wide with sudden, horrified realization --

SWAT GUY
IT'S **GASOLINE!**

5) The rear doors of the truck burst open and the SWAT guys come tumbling out, coughing, choking, staggering in the dust...

SWAT CAPTAIN JAG
EVERYBODY OUT! GO GO GO!

PAGE 28

1) Wide. Clay stands there unarmed, hard as nails, lighting a cigarette with a Zippo. He seems totally unfazed by the six SWAT guys who are aiming machine guns at him, their backs to us in the extreme foreground. The SWAT guys and their weapons are literally dripping with gasoline.

SWAT CAPTAIN
EAT THE FLOOR, MOTHERFUCKER!
(link)
RIGHT NOW! OR I BLOW YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD OFF--

CLAY
I DON'T THINK SO.

2) Very close on Clay as he takes a drag on his cigarette, the tip glowing orange.

CLAY
GASOLINE. MUZZLE FLASH.
(link)
THINK ABOUT IT.

3) Extreme close-up reaction shot on the SWAT Captain. He looks like his puppy just died, his face falling as the horrible realization hits him. His sodden moustache droops, dripping gasoline.

NO DIALOGUE

4) Extreme close on Clay as he blows smoke, cigarette held between thumb and forefinger - as if maybe he might throw it. One mean hombre.

CLAY
DROP 'EM.

5) Clay stands in the foreground to one side with this back to us. The six SWAT guys drop their weapons and sheepishly raise their hands. Behind them, Aisha stands on the truck roof, covering them with a silenced Uzi in each hand.

CLAY
GOOD BOYS.
(link)
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE CRATES, SHALL WE?

PAGE 29

1) DAY. Close-up on one of the metal crates, which lies open. It is packed with packets of white powder - pure heroin.

POOCH
(off-panel)
HOLY SHIT.

2) Pull back to reveal all of the Losers standing around all of the metal crates from the heist. They're all open, all packed with heroin. Jensen looks down at one of the packets in his hand. He looks appalled. They're on the sandy beach of a small wooded island, New York skyscrapers visible across the bay in the distance.

CAPTION
JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE, NEW YORK.

JENSEN
MAN, I DIDN'T REALLY WANNA BELIEVE IT, Y'KNOW... ?

ROQUE
I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN MOVE SHIT. GIVE ME A COUPLE DAYS TO--

CLAY
BURN IT.

3) Small. Roque looks up sharply at Clay.

ROQUE
ARE YOU **CRAZY?** THAT'S OVER A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF SMACK!
(link)
WITH THE MONEY FROM THIS, WE COULD--

4) Extreme close-up on Clay. He looks grim, stony. His eyes bore into us like diamond drills.

CLAY
BURN IT.

5) Big. Low angle. Everyone steps back in surprise as Cougar suddenly pours gasoline all over the crates.

CLAY
SOMEBODY INSIDE THE AGENCY IS RUNNING HEROIN TO BANKROLL DIRTY OPERATIONS.
(link)
WE SELL THIS, WE'RE NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE.

6) Small inset. A lit match flies from Cougar's fingers.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE 30

1) Roque throws Cougar a dirty look as the flames lick up. Cougar's expression is unreadable, fire flickering in his eyes and under-lighting his features. Lots of dialogue on this page!

ROQUE
I'D BE INTERESTED TO KNOW HOW WE BLACKMAIL THEM INTO GIVING US OUR LIVES BACK IF WE'VE BURNED ALL THE EVIDENCE...

2) Jensen slumps down on his ass in the sand with his head in his hands. He looks heartbroken.

JENSEN
SO THEY'RE SELLIN' SHIT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO RAISE MONEY TO PROTECT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FROM THE GUYS WHO PRODUCE THE SHIT THEY'RE SELLIN' THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.
(link)
THAT IS FUCKED UP ON SO MANY LEVELS, MAN...

3) Clay towers over us, monolithic.

CLAY
DON'T KID YOURSELF. ONLY PEOPLE THEY'RE PROTECTING HERE ARE THEIR LOBBYIST BUDDIES IN ARMS AND OIL.

4) Angle on Pooch and Roque.

POOCH
IT'S RIGHT THERE ON THE DOLLAR BILL, MAN - *"IN G.O.D. WE TRUST..."*

ROQUE
WHAT THE HELL DOES **GOD** HAVE TO DO WITH IT?

5) Roque turns to Aisha.

AISHA
GUNS. OIL. DRUGS. THE HOLY TRINITY.
(link)
THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK HERE WHICH--

ROQUE
AND YOU CAN SPARE ME THE **CONSPIRACY THEORY BULLSHIT.**

6) Clay stands over the burning crates. Jensen looks up at him.

CLAY
ROQUE'S RIGHT. THIS WOULD NEVER STAND UP IN COURT. WE GO PUBLIC, THEY'D BURY THE STORY AND US WITH IT. IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE.
(link)
NO. IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS AND WALK AWAY, WE NEED **INSURANCE.**

JENSEN
SO WHAT DO WE DO?

PAGE 31

1) Clay turns to us, grim, back-lit by the flames.

CLAY
WE TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.
(link)
AISHA TAKES US DEEPER INSIDE. WE HIT THEM WHERE IT HURTS. AND WE **MAKE** THEM TAKE US OFF THE DEATH LIST.
(link)
WHO'S WITH ME?

2) Very close on Roque.

ROQUE
LONG AS YOU DON'T START BURNING THE **CASH** NEXT TIME.

3) Very close on Jensen, grim.

JENSEN
YOU KNOW I'M ALL ABOUT THE THRILL OF THE HUNT. YOU CAN COUNT ME IN.

4) Very close on Pooch.

POOCH
I DON'T KNOW. DON'T SEE WHY IT'S DOWN TO US, TAKIN' IT ON OURSELVES TO BE JUDGE AN' JURY. BUT I GUESS 'TIL WE OUT FROM UNDER THE SHADOW...
(link)
YEAH, ALL RIGHT. I'M IN.

5) Very close on Cougar.

COUGAR
UH HUH.

6) Very close on Clay.

CLAY
OUTSTANDING.

PAGE 32

FULL PAGE SPLASH. Very low angle, looking up at the Losers as they stride towards us, Clay in the lead. Grim, determined, super cool...

CLAY
IT HELPS IF YOU LOOK AT IT THIS
WAY. WE'RE ALREADY DEAD...
(link)
WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?

[TO BE CONTINUED]